"no more." But now it also means "dead," "gone away."





This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the day, in 1802, when Alexander Humboldt, the famous explorer and scientist, reached the top of Mt. Chimbrazo, 18,576 feet above sea level. On this trip, also, Humboldt acquired knowledge of the cinchona plant, from which comes quinine.

WHEN MOTHER GOES AWAY

There Is No Known Substitute for Real Motherhood.

By William A. McKeever. Professor in the University of Kansas and author of sociological books.

OTHER'S gone away to the hospital and father can cook just as good as she ean," exclaimed a lusty ten-yeareld boy on his way to school.

Sickness, business engagement and death are the three factors which either temporarily or parmanently deprive many thousands of American homes annually of the mainstay of the family. As a consequence there is a tremendous deterioration in the health, the morals and the intellectual progress of the children most directly concerned. "When Mother plays out everything else goes wrong," is the way a grown-up daughter stated

Just now, while this is being written, a bright and capable father is advertising far and wide for information that will locate his sixteen-year-old prodigal son. The mother died recently and the boy was heard to say that it just didn't seem like home any more with her

It is a desperately hard tank for even the best of fathers to sucered long in managing the children alone. One succeeds where ten fall A certain careful father, during the six years since his companion died. has kept up his regular business and supceeded in putting his boy and girl both through high school. All three are good housekeepers. Another good father, who started out alone a year age with the same loss and with seven children to care for, has falled and the little ones are now scattered hopelessly. There is no known substitute for

Motherhood, although many have sough' for such a boon. But, for-tamately, there is a Motherhood in-stinct in the breast of all rood women, and once it is awakened and put into service, even in behalf

and put into service, even in consult of children not one's own, its affectionate care will work wonders.

Mothering children is a service which should occupy a considerable period of every womanly wife. The childless weman must learn to rush in and take up the work left by an-ether who has fallen out of the ranks and those mothers who have room for one more in their household must fill the place with a motherless child.

Another story will illustrate our idea. Some years ago an eleven-year-eld bow lest his mother through death and was left alone with an honest, but helpless father. The boy seen ran amuck, and at sixteen had become one of the roung toughs of the community. Then a married sister, with two children of her own, seized him, partly by stealth and partly by force.

She put him back into school, sat up nights teaching him, encourag-ing him-mothering him-finally through enlies To-day this boy is Major Ro-and-Ro, high-minded, clean, ferceful, the commander of 1,700 men and 28 officers of inferior rank. Who can measure the value of this older sig s service to society and the na-

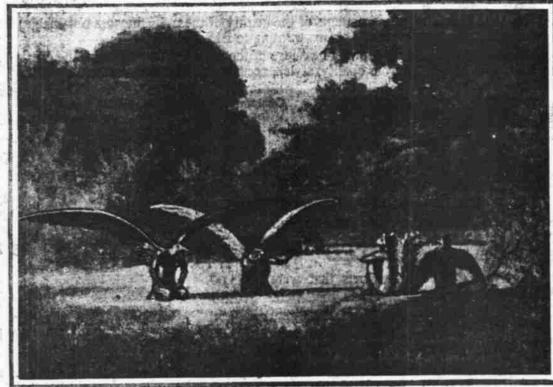
So the admonition here offered to the Great Motherhood of America is this: See that your best nature has something worth while to do. If you have no children of ewn be a mother to the motherless next door. Make out a plan for their care, training, health proschooling- a complete outline that looks toward well rounded maturity and sound citizenship

No matter whether the mother is red out to work, is a hospital inis a run-away, or has gone to her long home. Press in gently but insistently—not with goodle er mere charity—but with a cour-ageous scheme for the entire care d guidance of the little, mother-

A Primeval Contest of Silence

An Imaginative Myth Originating With the Indians of California

By permission of C. Hart Merriam, in the magazin a of the American Museum of Natural History.



ked-tailed Hawk and Turkey Buzzard Are Partners on One Side; Bluejay and Gray Squirrel on the Other.

The imaginative Indian accounts for every phenomenon of nature in some picturesque manner. The origin of the Pleiades, why the Autumn woods are many colored, why the deer drops his horns each year-everything that calls forth a question from the human mind is answered by some one of the thousands of myths found among the various Indian tribes. The California Indians have many stories of the general character of the one here

By C. Hart Merriam.

NE day four of the First People met and chose partners for a game. These people were Ke-ah, the Red-tailed Hawk, Mah-tah, the Turkey Buzzard, Weswes, the Crested Bluejay, and Seka-lan, the Gray Tree Squirrel. The game they were to play was Silence. the stakes they put up were their languages. The first to speak or laugh was to lose his language forever-to remain silent the rest of his life; the other side was to

Buzzard were partners on one side; Bluejay and Gray Squirrel on the other. For a very long time they sat facing one another; for days and even weeks no one spoke. They looked at one another and made faces and tried to make each other laugh, but without success. It was very tiresome, and they all grew weary.

Finally, after a very long time, Ke-ah, the Red-tail, said something, so his side lost. His partner, Mah-tah, the Turkey Buzzard, gave up his language to Sek-a-lan, the Gray

Red-tailed Hawk and Turkey + Squirrel, and has never spoken since. This is the reason the Turkey Bussard is always silent. Sometimes we hear Sck-a-lan, the

Soutrrel, sav "quach-quach-quach" that is the language he won from

Mah-tah.
But Re-ah, the Red-tall, refuses to let his go. He said, "I am not willing to lose my language: I shall never give up my talk." But Wes-wes, the Crested Jay, said he would have it anyway, and he took it; but Ke-ah kept it, too, and still speaks it. Bluejay usually speaks his own language, but sometimes we hear him say "ke-ah"; this is the language he won from Ke-ah, the Red-

The Hidden Hand STARRING DORIS KENYON

By Arthur B. Reeve, Creator of the "Craig Kennedy"

Cogs of Death.

mystery stories, which appear ex-clusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine. EPISODE 10.

Conyright, 1917, by Star Company. E began to force Doris from the room and, as she struggled, the two deputies seized her on each side. Dorls screamed. Unstairs, packing, Ramsay heard,

and dashed from the room to the library just in time to see Doris break away from the deputies, while Abner waved the locket and demanded that they selve her again. They did not like the job, but Abner was boss, and they did so.

"Just a moment," interrupted Ramsay, flinging the deputies aside and facing Abner. "What's all

He saw the locket in Abner's hands and leaped for it. In the struggle he got it, just as Verda, hearing the uproar, ran in. Still angry at Ramsay and fearful of Abner, Dorls retreated to Verda.

To My Sweetheart Soldier

Every Girl Has a Sweetheart-So Every Girl Should Read

These Wonderful Letters to "Somewhere in France"

into each other's arms. "Here, put them both out," shouted Abner, then turning to Ramsay and adding: 'And you will

get out with them! Ramsay turned on his heel and walked over to the two girls. But walked over to the two girls. But Doris turned away, refusing even to

There was nothing to do if she would not let him help her. Ram-say shrugged, turned and went upstairs to get his grips.

The Girls Have to Go.

Thus at last the grasping Uncle Abner had his way. Doris and Verda that night were forced to leave the Whitney house, where they had lived for so many years, and with the kindly old housekeeper, Martha, they took up their home in her apartment, which she opened to

The following morning at the home of the housekeeper, Marthu Dorls and Verda were seated at the breakfast table when the postman came with a letter addressed to

Martha brought it in and Doris tore it open and read while Verda glanced at it over her shoulder. "Dear Doris," read Doris, half

aloud, "Do not worry. I have just discovered your father's will. Come to my office at once."

The letter was signed by Dr. Scarley and, as Doris finished reading it, both Verda and Martha hastened to congratulate her on the good fortune that brought her such news at such a critical time in her A moment later Martha brought her her hat and coat and Dorls pre-pared to hurry to see her former

As she tripped lightly down the stairs and to the street door of the apartment, whom should she meet, lowever fust entering, than Rumsay himself. For the moment she was disconcerted, but her pride was too great to let her forget the very suspicious happenings of the night before with Verda. She would not speak to him, but with eyes avert-ed, passed out to the street and soon was far up the block, hurry-

ing lest Ramsey follow As quickly as she could, she made her way from Martha's to Dr. Scarley's, and when she finally arrived she ran up the steps of the house and eagerly pressed the bell. In his office stready, Dr. Scarley

seemed to be very happy. He had been arranging and straightening desk, waiting for the arrival of Doris. out the furniture, the papers on his

A Bottle on the Table.

In the centre of the room was a table and on it a bottle and some wine glasses. Across was his medicine cabinet and on the other side a wall-safe and a looking glass over

himself, Scarley helped himself lib erally to another drink and smiled, contemplating his scheme. The moment he heard the doorbell he was on his feet and at the door As Doris entered, Scarley de-liberately closed the door and turned the key in the lock. The

Having arranged things to

action did not escape Doris, and she was alarmed. "What did you do that for?" she

holstered armchair beside the table. Doris was now very fearful, as she noted the bottle and glasses and realized that Scarley had been drinking. She sat down timidly, watching him, while Bearley seated arm of the chair, beside her, and his hand stole over her groulder "I love you, Doris" he murmured thickly. "Nothing else matters. Won't you marry me?"

Afraid, as the saw the expression on hir face, Doris drew away from him, newering quickly, "Please show ne the will." moment," put off Scarley.

Doris was indignant at him, yet she did not know what to do. "came to see the will," she mur-

THE MANICURE LADY

She Freezes Her Cheek and Gets a Lecture on Efficiency.

By William F. Kirk.

66 THIS is the first time I from my cheek since I was a chicken going to school," said the Manicure Lady. "I guess this is really one of them old fashloned Winters that we used to read about, George. I had a good notion not to come down to business this morning, but then again I remembered that it was the first month of the new year and a bad time to start my old, lasy habits, so here I am, full of pep and frostbitten to a fare you well!"

"Your jaw didn't from none, I notice," said the Head Barber.

"If you noticed more important things, George, you wouldn't be here in this shop now!" declared the Manicure Lady. "You would be out along the battle front, where heroes is hiking up and down them trenches-that's where you would be! I didn't intend to start the new year with a lot of them sarcastle remarks, George, but you kind of drive me to it. A girl's got a swell chance to be kind and gentle in this shop!"

"You don't need to be kind and gentle on my account," said the Head Barber, "if you will only try to be efficient. That's the latest dope all along the line, kid-efficlency. I seen in a magazine where all we had to do to win this war was for every man and every woman to do their work right up to the handle and keep smiling. It didn't may nothing whatever about gabbing, though, which is how things ought to be. Less talk and more work, says I."

"I could get along grand if you didn't talk at all," said the Mani-cure Lady. "I hope you don't think, George, that I talk to you because I'm dying to talk to you. I only had a notion that maybe it bright-ened you up a little to hear what a refined lady had to say once in awhile. Believe me, I can keep still if that's the way you want things. I won't say another word to you all afternoon. I know when my com-pany is welcome and when it ain't, and if you think talking to you is any grand treat for me, George, get it out of your head."
"I'm satisfied that way." said the

Head Barber. "I'll take your word for it, kid. After this you and me will only talk when we gotts. That suits me right down to the ground."

"There couldn't be no better ar-rangement for me, either," said the Manicure Lady. "Silence is golden, like it says in the works of them great authors. Or, as Mister Bryan used to say, silence is golden and talk is free silver. Lots of times, George, I have made up my mind not to say another word to you all day, and then I would look at you, and you always seemed to look kind of lonesome and sad, and then l would forget all about being still and start ratiling away again. But I got my cue all right now, George, selieve me! After this you hear a word out of me when it ain't necessary, and I guess it won't be necessary very often.

Many a time when I felt more like keeping still I would say somelike keeping atili i would say some-thing just to make your day seem a little happier, maybe, or a little leas lonesome, though goodness knows I ain't much of a talker as a rule, being more fond of thinking than gabbing. as all my friends know that know me at all

"Slater Mayme was saying only the other night that I was one of the quietest girls she ever seen, which shows you that all my talk to you has been kind of put on just to make you forget your troubles. But never again, George! I don't need to have no brick house fall on me. I can take a hint, goodness knows, and after this I'll be one Silent Sadie around this here em-porium. You just remember what I told you, George, and don't be sur-prised if you think I've turned into a deaf mute."

"You couldn't be no deaf mute." declared the Head Barber. declared the Head Barber. "If you couldn't talk you would explode. Go ahead, kid! Don't let me spoil your last days around this old hangout. I guess the way it looks now in the barber business won't be here long to apiel. Talk out your string, kid. Don't let me be no killjoy for you in these last days around the old homestead."

The World's Longest River

Only an experienced mariner can tell the place where the Amason really has its mouth, because the pening it has made on the eastern past of South America is so wide that it extends over one hundred miles. A long distance before one comes to the mouth of the river, however, one is really sailing on the waters of the Amazon, because they force their way far out into the ocean. They say that three hun-dred miles out at sea, off the mouth of the Amason, a bucketful of fresh water can be holsted out of the ocean from the deck of a ship, such is the quantity of its water that flows from that gigantic bastn. flows from that gigantic basts. Long after one has entered the actual river and the banks are to sorth and south, if one is in midstream one will still be out of sight of land, such is the breadth of the wast channel. The river stretches far into the ocean and far up the coun-Take a map of South America and look out a place celled Iquitos.

It lies four-fifths of the way across
the continent from east to west.
Yet from Iquitos there is nor wasa fortnightly service of ocean-going steamers to Europe, which descend some three thousand miles of the river before they reach the sea.

The One-Piece Dress

By Permission of Good Housekeeping, the Great Home Magazine.



By David Cory.

hundred short seconds the Gnome

came in, too, for he had waited outside to see that his reindeer were

taken around to the stable to be

Well, the next thing Puss saw

was the crystal ice throne at the

farther end of the great hall. And

then music began to play, and pret-

ty soon the North King came slow-

ly in with a great icicle sceptre in

"Who wishes to see me?" he

called out in a loud voice that

sounded just like the wind in the

Winter time; and then he looked

over to where Puss stood by the

And then that chilly old king be-gan to laugh, and his breath was

so cold that it made frosty laces all

over the windows and froze the great golden key in the front door

so fast that the janitor-oh, dear!

I've made a dreadful mistake, for

they don't have janitors in palaces. I mean the Royal Electrician had a

But Puss wasn't frightened at all

up holdly to the throne and bowed,

and then he said right out loud,

Why have you ordered all the

hard time in getting it out.

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho! A cat in boots!"

fed, you know.

on his head.

ET me see; we left off in the

last story just as Puss Junior

entered the Ice Palace of the North King. Well, in less than five

From Good Housekeeping for January

The skirt is dark blue satin and brief about the ankles. The blouse of rose-mauve silk is charmingly draped, and skirt is generous enough to concede a long swathing sash at the side. The waist shows the surplice line which is so much liked now.

LIFE

Warren · Tells of an Experience Which Makes Him Late for Dinner.

MRS. CURTIS," said Marz. coming into the room at a quarter of seven, "the dinner is getting cold. Shall I take the things out of the dishes and heat

Helen eighed. "Why, yes, Mary, I suppose so, I'm sure I don't see what is keeping Mr. Curtis; he is generally so prempt."

known him to be more than a few minutes late since I've been here." And Mary sighed too as she left the room. She had made plans to get out that evening over to Nora's and she would not be finished with the work in time.

Helen looked at the clock, her forehead wrinkled in a deep frown She hardly knew whether to be worried or not, but decided not to later and Helen tossed her work

He was taciturn and looked warm and flushed as though he had hur-

"What kept you, dear?" Helon queried. And then she added, "Why soon as you get in."

"Somothing at the office?"
"No, of course not, I siways telephone if it's something at the office,
you know that."

Helen waited for him to speak
and then tactfully suggested that
they go out and eat while he told
about it.
"All right, I'll be right out, I
want to wash up a bit first."

Helen nodded joyfully and fiew
out to the kfitched, where Marry was
hastily dishing up the meal.

so you can imagine what it was a Fourteenth and Grand Central. "Oh, usual time. I bought a

which was very, very red, I can "How dare you question my com a hard day rushing around, and I couldn't see why I wasn't entitled to one. Well, at Fourteenth street the manda?" shouted the Ice King, and he stood up on his throne and pointed his icicle sceptre at Puss. erowd simply pushed on. I "I am the son of the famous Puss reading my paper and I didn't look up. The first thing I knew a woman was standing in front of ma and in Boota" replied our little hero, "and I fear no one!" And then he drew his sword and pointed it at before I could even see what she looked like, she had deposited a

the Ice Man. Please excuse me—I mean the 'e King.

And I guess this rather frightaned that cross old cy King, for he in a much gentler voice Why do you ask me this ques-

"Because," said Puss, "I have s friend who is an old black, rusty crow, and he doesn't want to wear a white coat." And in the next tory you shall hear what the Ice King replied. Convright, 1918, David Oury,

Crews in Fairy Land to be painted white?" And this so surprised the los King that he didn't reply at once. You see, he couldn't understand how Puss had found out about his royal order. And I'll tell you something more, which is a secret, too. He was the brother of the King who sat in his counting-room counting out his mency when that naughty blackbird flew down and bit off the maid's nose while she was standing in the garden hanging out the clothes.

And after maybe five hundred short seconds Pusa repeated his

short seconds Puss repeated his

Ice King, for he was flustered, you see. And then he got dreadfully angry, and his face grew as red as

'Ob, ah! wait a minute," said the

To Be Continued.

All Star Recipes Food values are measured in

terms of heat. The unit of measwrement is the calory. The child and the sedentary worker require fewer calories than the grown person and the one at hard or even moderate labor. The child under two requires 1,050 calorics a day; from two to five, 1,400; from six to nine, 1,750; from ten to twelve, 2,100; from here the requirements rise rapidly to \$200 calories a day for the man at hard labor, though the average is around 2,800 for the boy and girl just under twenty and man or woman who is fairly active. An average "helping" of the simpler foods yields 100 calories of heat. Let each meal contain fat, protein and carbohydrates. calory values given with each recips printed will enable you to plan menus that are right.

2,665 Easy Raised Doughnuts. Calories.

One cupful milk, one-half compressed yeast cake, four cupfuls bread flour, two-third cupful light brown sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful cinnamon and one-quarter teaspoonful nutmeg, one egg, two tablespoonfuls melted shortening, one-half teaspoonful sait, one-third teaspoonful soda dissolved in one teaspoonful water. Scald the milk, cool until luke

warm; then soften the reast clike

in one-fourth cupful of it and add to the rest. Stir in one and one-half cupfuls of flour. Let rise until light, then add the sugar, egg well beaten, shortening, sait, sods and the remainder of the flour sifted with the spices. Knead and let rise When light roll, cut in desired shapes, warm in a moderate oven a few minutes and fry at once in hot deep fat. Roll in sugar. One cupful of entire wheat flour lace an equal quantity of bread

Cabbage with Cheese 864 Calories

One small cabbage, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1% cupfuls milk, 4 tablespoonfuls grated American cheese, salt and pepper.

Shred the cabbage (there should be about four cupfula), throw it into salted water, and at the end of ten minutes drain, cover with salted boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and leave in a heated colander at the side of the range while you prepare a white sauce by blending together the butter and flour, then pour over it gradually the milk; cook until of the consis-tency of thick cream, season with sait and pepper. Now add to the sauce the grated cheese and beat hard. Lift the cabbage to a hot vegetable dish, pour the sauce grer

MARRIED

them over again?"

"I know he is ma'am, I've never

she was beginning to be afraid that

se it struck seven. Really it must be something quite extraordinary to keep Warren as late as this." be and went back to her knitting, The welcome sound of the door slamming was heard a few minutes on the table and flew to meet War-

didn't you telephone? I'm afraid things won't be as nice as usual. You know you always like to be able to sit right down to dinner as "I know it, but I've had some

time, believe me. I didn't think Pa ever get home."

out to the kitchen, where Many was hastily dishing up the meal.

"I think everything's all right, ma'am; the stack is a little bit overdone, but I couldn't help it."

"Have some hot coffee ready for Mr. Curtis to have with his dinner to-rg ht. Mary." Halen directed, and then met Warren in the dining room, where they sat down to gteaming hot soup. After a few mouthfuls Warren grew more talkative. It was good soup, cream of tomato with whipped cream, and Warren was extremely fond of it.

"The crowd on the subway was terrible to-night." he vouchasfed, 'I could hardly set in at the Bridge, so you can imagine what it was as

"What time did you start home,

baby on my lap."
Helen gasped "Warren!" "I suppose she was mad because I didn't get up, and give her my sent, but I hadn't even seen her."

"What on earth did you do, dear?"
"Tried to get up: what would you have done? I tried to edge up and let her into my place, but I simply couldn't do it, and there I was!" Helen couldn't help smiling, but she managed to control her feat-ures to some extent. "What kind of a woman was it, dear?"
"Oh, the ordinary kind; any other wouldn't have done it. "And you sat there and held the

"Sure, what else could I do."
"Did anyone else notice it?"
"Not as badly as I thought they rould. Gee! I was almost afraid to look around for fear of getting the laugh from everyone, but no one had noticed. Evidently they thought the kid was mine. Thank Heaven, it didn't cry."

baby "

Helen laughed out here and War-ren, warmed and comforted with the hot soup, and carving the steak. was inclined to feel better himself. Was inclined his mouth to curve the He alolwed his mouth to curve the least bit, and as Helen inquired quickly. "What happened then?" least bit, and as recent injuried quickly. "What happened then?" he responded a little less grouchily: "Well, in the excitement. I had forgotten to get off as Ninety-sixth street, and before I knew it the train had carried me beyond my station, and I found myself in the Bronx somewhere. Believe me, when I finally deposited that haby the woman's arms and got out in the woman's arms and got out in the street I was pretty glad." "Well, I should say so. Bring Mr. Curtin' coffee, Marv." said Helen, looking up to find Mary's said good-natured face almost convulsed with her efforts to keen have

with her efforts to keep back the launder. Helen laughed outright, and Warren, looking up, caught the exchange of looks. There was a moment's silence, and then his face relaxed altogether and by burst into a hearty laugh himself. Helen laughed till she orted, and Mary finally escaped into the kitchen, red to the cars with embarrass-ment but warmed to the heart with the knowledge that Mr. Curtis had not been anery with her.

(To Be Continued.)

Thank you for saying I may maralways thought the urging would be on your part? But everything is different now, since this war.

Two nothers I will have the marriage service, but that's nothing—she is jealous of the marriage service, but the marr turned the world upside down, and mother of you and the mother of mother's bringing me into the world, ff a girl wants to marry a man a sweet lady in lavender and a but she feels that all other claims the chances are that she will have me-a sweet lady in lavender and a but she feels that all other claims to throw all her old-fashioned self- sweet lady in gray. May God do ended with my first cry, and hers respecting notions to the winds and iso to me and more also if I fail began. I heard her talking to herinst get down on her knees with in my duty to either. Mother has self today in front of your picture—had no one but me since father her arms flercely akimbo. "You is swerable, unconquerable weapon— gave her into my childish care with an old scoundrel, you is, taking my tears. I did not do quite that, besomehow. your argument didn't I? If you come back wounded won't you need me a great deal sunset. more? And don't you suppose You and I are going to have a gown? Perhaps I would rather every drop of blood in my body wedding, dearest a real wedding. you did not notice the gown joy of bearing your name and do- soms, There will be just you and me "You are fair and white and very ing my bit in the world under your and our two ladies standing with us, worthy," I shall be oh, so satisfied. polore. Then, too, when we are and old Frank and Mammy. But God

Second Letter.

Boy Dear:

ry. Isn't it queer to taink I had to beg you so hard, when I had know, but at least a human being them in the good Book of Heaven. loved, but when you wanted to that I may be an anchor to these you is a handsome scoundrel. I'se give me back my freedom I had to two frail barks, leading them gent- got to say that for you." ly and safely that the shoals and shallows into the still waters of the to look up chiffon and laces I won-

Good-by now, beloved; I am going sunset.

You and I are going to have a gown? Perhaps I would rather that yearns to comfort you if the need ever comes? And if you die—ob, why did you need to suggest ths — to have the memory of a real bride in "Your dress is beautiful, Hope Deer-I shall have the solemn and sacred white and a veil, with orange blos-ing," your soul can say to my soul

married you make me your moth-| will be there and my dear dead er's daughter, and she is going to father, and I'm sure the "Cloud of need me when you are gone. Such Witnesses" which the Bible speaks of

Instead of answering, he took her arm and led her to a big up-

But first, tell me, Will you

To Be Continued To-merrow.